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CLOSE-MOUTHED MINISTRIES.

THE total tonnage of shipping destroyed by German submarines in the prohibited zone since Feb. 1 amounts to not much more than 200,000 tons.

Even with all restrictions off, it appears unlikely the second half of the month can bring the figures of destruction anywhere near the 1,000,000 tons on which the advocates of submarine ruthlessness reckon.

Only yesterday it became known that the Adriatic and the Carmania had arrived safe in Liverpool with \$20,000,000 worth of munitions, food supplies and automobiles for the Allies.

At this rate, what becomes of Germany's blockade on which she stakes so much?

Also, what is intensified warfare costing Germany per week in destroyed or disabled submarines?

On this latter point it would seem the British Government ought to have something better to offer the British public than vaguely reassuring phrases.

Lord Curzon tells the House of Lords the Admiralty is "not dissatisfied" with the results of sharper war on submarines. Surely he could be many points more specific without disclosing too much to the enemy.

The Imperial German Government does not advertise its losses. Sunken merchant ships, on the other hand, figure, as soon as known, on the bulletins and in the cables.

If the British navy is destroying German U boats, why not say so and how many? No wonder Britons are tired of close-mouthed Ministries!

Germany's explanation of her reputation of her offer to parley is a first-class specimen of intensified futility.

CUBAN REBELS WARNED.

IF YESTERDAY'S special balloting in the Santa Clara Province of Cuba fails to cool down the rebellion started by a disputed Presidential election, the quicker the United States lays a quieting hand on the situation the better.

The message Secretary Lansing sent yesterday to Minister Gonzales and all American Consuls, with the request that it be posted all over Cuba, carries the pointed reminder that the Government of the United States gives "its confidence and support only to governments established through legal and constitutional methods."

During the past four years the Government of the United States has clearly and definitely set forth its position in regard to the recognition of governments which have come into power through revolution and other illegal methods, and at this time desires to emphasize its position in regard to the present situation in Cuba.

Some time ago the Cuban Government asked permission from the United States to buy 10,000 rifles and 5,000,000 cartridges. The fact the request was granted ought not to be overlooked by the rebels. If they continue to make trouble they can count on the arrival of a restorative expedition of American troops at the earliest possible moment.

Uncle Sam has serious work impending. He has no time to be patient with rioting and lawlessness at his elbow.

60,000,000 marks (\$15,000,000,000) the war is said to have cost Germany to date. Cheap—if the German people could look upon it as a high-priced lesson learned, and refusing further teaching.

HUMANE AND PRACTICAL.

THE Evening World's campaign to compel the shoeing of horses during the winter months in a way to protect them from falls on icy pavements has at last resulted in an ordinance so framed that no Alderman is likely to put himself on record as having opposed it.

The measure Aldermen Campbell and Collins have introduced in the Board provides that

No horse or other draft animal shall be used on the streets of the City of New York during the months of December, January, February and March in each year unless shod in a manner that will give or tend to give the animal a safe foothold and prevent slipping.

Violators of the ordinance may be punished by fine up to \$5, or by imprisonment not to exceed five days.

That a merciful and humane regulation of this sort is badly needed in New York must be plain to any one who has again and again observed how smooth-shod horses strain, slip and finally fall in their efforts to pull heavy loads over ice-covered asphalt pavements.

But even setting humane considerations aside, the amount of time and trouble New Yorkers could be saved in winter if fewer fallen horses and fewer struggling, slipping horses impeded traffic and held up surface cars, is well worth taking into account.

On these and other grounds urged by The Evening World in the course of its efforts to have a similar measure passed last year, the present ordinance, which is supported by Superintendent Krael and other officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, should prevail over all objections from petulant owners or indifferent drivers.

No Alderman's vote will look well cast against it.

Letters From the People.

A New Cannon Ball.
To the Editor of The Evening World.
Allow a rule of thumb engineer to settle disputes about cannon ball. Action and reaction are always equal but in opposite directions. When train is still, cannon ball is still. When train travels sixty miles per hour, cannon ball would have to be

'Staking Everything to Win'

By J. H. Cassel



You Who Are Weary With Work

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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YOU who are weary with work and tired with troubles and sick with sorrow and down in the dumps—stop for a space.

Come with me over miles and miles of country through North Carolina and South Carolina and similar sections.

I can show you a hundred downy shocks, whose sole foundations are a few posts, where entire families move and have their being. It is their world, without end and endless. The slow terror of their ways is only changed by the passing of the railroad train.

They are people whose chief problem in life is to get enough for existence only, who have never seen a city of any size, who have never felt the thrill of life about them, who have never known the comfort of electricity or gas or telephone or similar labor-saving devices. People, in a word, who have never lived—people who have been born, stayed a little while and passed away; who have nothing save just what existence implies. I have seen thousands like that. How much better your lot is than

theirs—you who are weary with work. How these mothers would be glad for your opportunity, because they are sick to death of the sameness of their struggle.

You will answer in the same old way: "They do not know any better and for that reason they are better off." But would you exchange places with them and give up your weary work? Would you be willing to give up your possibilities though accompanied by trials, for a tumbledown hut in the midst of acres of brown plains, with nothing to do except earn enough for meagre meals? Of course you wouldn't.

This thing of being "better off because you don't know" always reminds me of the great artist who painted a wonderful sunset.

A know-it-all layman came into the studio, looked at the picture, and said, sarcastically, "I never saw a sunset like that," to which the painter responded, "But don't you wish you could?"

So it is with those people out in the sparsely settled places, who have been planted there like weeds, and who keep on growing weed-like until the last winter comes and they grow no more.

How wistfully they scan the stray magazine or newspaper that tells about you and your opportunities, and how they wish they could see such things as you see, and enjoy such pleasures as you may enjoy, and have such hopes as you may have. Their dreams may never come true because they haven't a ghost of a chance.

But you who have work to do, no matter how sordid are your surroundings, YOUR tears can be tem-

pered. You are only deluded with despondency because you have no comparison.

You look only at the fellow ahead of you who has less burden and seems more blessed.

It is good to look FORWARD for achievement but LOOK BACK for encouragement. Think of the time when things were much worse. Size up those who have less than you and then weigh your chances accordingly.

You will always find that trials are only temporary at worst. At the end of your day you will always reflect like the man who said "I am an old man, I have known many troubles, but most of them never happened."

While no one need welcome sorrow, yet he who has it may well estimate that it has value—a value that builds strength and saves similar sorrow in the future.

It was a wise sage who said: "If you suffer, be glad of it. It is a sure sign that you are alive."

How many hundreds would be glad to suffer if they could only get something out of life along with it—who are worn out with sadness, who die with dreams unrealized.

Therefore, if you have gotten into a groove, or calamities seem to pile up, or somebody has hurt you unmercifully, or you just can't see how things are going to meet, just think of the people in the waste places who waste away with the place, and then rejoice that you are on the firing line of activity rather than rusting somewhere with inertia.

Change your perspective!

To-Day's Anniversary

THE last distinguished survivor of the old nineteenth century school of humor, Charles Bernard Lewis, better known as "M. Quad," was born in Liverpool, O., just three quarters of a century ago today.

"M. Quad" started his career as a printer's devil in Michigan, and, after graduating from the Michigan State Agricultural College, found employment on the staff of the Detroit Free Press. He soon became prominent as a descriptive writer and an humorist, and adopted the pen name of "M. Quad," the "ben quad" being the best of type measurement.

The humorist, the most famous of the literary creations of Mr. Lewis, were originated forty years ago. However, was just a plain, ordinary man and husband, who could never open his mouth without putting his feet in it, and he had a strong appeal for married folk. His husbands sympathized with Bowser, and wives perceived in the old camp a true life picture of their own husbands.

UNTIL recently 70 to 80 per cent. of the waste molasses of a large Hawaiian sugar factory was thrown away as useless. Now it is burned to furnish fuel for the plant, while the ash, containing more than 33 per cent. potash and nearly 5 per cent. phosphoric acid, is used as fertilizer.

Fifty Failures Who Came Back

By Albert Payson Terhune

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THIS cynical maxim, "They Never Come Back," is disproven by the careers of thousands of great men.

The man or woman who is discouraged by temporary setbacks, or even by years of failures, may well take fresh courage from the stories of those Immortals who "came back":

Gen. Grant—in 1859 a hopeless middle-aged failure in army and business life; penniless, despondent. In 1860 he was the war hero of the world and President of the United States.

Patrick Henry—a failure in commerce and in law until the American Revolution brought him deathless fame.

Napoleon Bonaparte—third-rate soldier of fortune and unable to find a job. Twelve years later he was Emperor of the French and arbiter of Europe's fate.

Paul Jones, the sailor, whose services were deemed worthless by our Government and who later became the naval hero of the Revolution.

Oliver Cromwell, the poor farmer who begged in vain for leave to emigrate to America in search of better fortunes and who lived to rule England.

Three and many another great example prove conclusively that no man is really a failure while a breath of life is left to him.

No. 1—GEN. GRANT; the Failure Who Became President.

THROUGH the by-streets of St. Louis one day in 1860 lurched a farm cart, full of cordwood. The driver was a stocky, bearded man, clad in shabby boots and trousers and a patched blue military blouse.

There was nothing dramatic or interesting about the thick-set fellow under the dusty slouch hat. He attracted no attention as he went stolidly about his business of delivering firewood to customers. He was silent and stern and made few friends. Still fewer people gave him a second glance.

One or two passers-by, who hailed from the same country town as himself, could have told you he was the most complete all-around failure they had ever met.

They could have sized up his life-story in a mere handful of words by saying that he was Ulysses S. Grant, who had once been an officer in the United States Army; who had failed of rapid promotion there; who had next failed as a farmer, who had gone into business in a small way and had failed still more lamentably at that; who was now trying to support his wife and children by doing odd jobs for a relative—and making a mighty poor living by it at that.

They might have added that his steady run of failure had been helped on by a lamentable fondness for drink. Altogether from his appearance and his friends' reports Grant would perhaps have been the very last man in the Middle West in 1860 whom an amateur fortune teller would have picked out as a candidate for future success. He was a down-at-heel, middle-aged failure.

No more, no less. Yet a bare nine years later he was President of the United States. And during that nine years he was destined to become the most famous living man of his time.

Grant had begun life as an Ohio tanner's son. He had gone to West Point (first changing his name from "Hiram Ulysses Grant" to "Ulysses Simpson Grant"), had done fairly well at the Military Academy and had later served with conspicuous bravery in the Mexican War.

But he found no hope of advancement in the Army, so he resigned his commission. Then things went steadily from bad to worse. Every one of his enterprises failed. Presently he was dead broke and had to fall back on his father for help. Nor did this help do much to lift him out of the rut of failure. At thirty-nine he seemed to have lost every possible chance of success.

Then in 1861 the Civil War began. Grant at once wrote to the War Department, offering his services, as a veteran officer, to the Union Army. That letter has never yet been answered. As with von Hindenburg, it was coldly ignored. Grant did not suik because of his Government's inattention. He set to work drilling a militia company at Galena, Ill. And he re-entered the Army as a volunteer officer.

Within a very few months the War Department began to hear of him. Grant may have been a wretchedly bad farmer and business man. But he had a genius for war, as has many another man who has failed at all other professions. And his genius steadily raised him from rank to rank, up to the supreme military command.

In that position he smothered the Confederacy and became a popular idol. His fellow countrymen's hero-worship, four years afterward, swept him to the White House.

At thirty-nine Grant was an obscure failure. At forty-eight he was President of the United States and crowned with a martial renown second only to George Washington's.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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AT the door the delivery man accepted a bank note, returned some seven pennies or so and departed, leaving Mrs. Jarr to close the door with one hand while she held a square pasteboard box in the other.

"What is it, mamma?" the little Jarr boy asked eagerly.

Youth rushes in where maturity fears to tread. Mr. Jarr may have had as much curiosity as Master Jarr, but he knew better than to ask what the mysterious package was.

To all married men all packages that come home prepaid or "C. O. D." as they generally do, the delivery system of stores being synchronized to be there with the goods when the man of the house is there to pay for them—the husband and father is only asked if he has two dollars, or four dollars, as the case may be, and if the charges are \$1.98 or \$2.98, or whatever they may be, he never gets back his change.

And he is never permitted to know what it is he has paid for.

The package was sagged hardily into a bedroom closet, and if the man of the house professes a mild curiosity he is quickly sat upon and given to understand that his function is to pay for things and "not to be nosy."

Mrs. Jarr was hurrying off with this package under discussion, but Master Jarr had a hand upon it.

"Just let me peek at it. I won't tell Emma what it is," he pleaded.

These words were all that was necessary to arouse little Miss Jarr. She promptly lay down on her back, kicked her heels against the floor and demanded to see the contents of the newly arrived bundle.

"There, now!" cried Mrs. Jarr in an exaggerated tone. "You've got those children started! I hope you're satisfied!"

These remarks were directed to Mr. Jarr, who had said nothing, done nothing.

Gleaning from this remark that the package contained something for them, the Jarr children renewed their wailings to see what it was.

"Now, you children behave!" cried Mr. Jarr, coming to Mrs. Jarr's aid with his moral support. "Aren't you ashamed to spoil mamma's surprise for you?"

The children whispered that they wanted to see what it was that was to surprise them, Master Jarr voicing the wishes of both by stating that he wanted to be surprised now, rather than at some future time.

"Let mamma put it away, whatever it is!" counselled Mr. Jarr. "Papa doesn't ask her to let him see it."

"Of course you don't," said Mrs. Jarr plaintively. "You are not interested in anything in your own home, and you uphold the children in everything."

"But I'm not upholding them," said Mr. Jarr. "Then he turned to the little boy and girl and said, with emphasis, 'Emma, Willie! The both of you go right into the dining room and sit down! Your mother will show you what it is she has in the box when she is ready to do so, and not before!'"

"Now you have ME to manage these children, please!" retorted Mrs. Jarr. "You are seldom home with them, as it is, and when you are at home I don't think you should cosset the children and speak to them like that because they show a little natural curiosity! What do you want them to be—dull mindless frumps?"

Mr. Jarr evidently didn't want them to be dull mindless frumps, for he said no more for the time being.

"Let us see what it is, mamma!" importuned the little boy. "I'll be good if you let me see."

"I'll be better Willie, mamma, if you'll let me see," begged the little girl. "There!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "You see they are not such bad children, after all! So, now," here she was speaking to the children, "if you will be speaking, mamma will show you. It is a large bottle of oyster oil for your children and some silk stockings for mamma."